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The Motherhouse and the Novitiate are located in Brookland, Washington, D. C.

At present the Society labors in India where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child-welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world as soon as its numbers permit.

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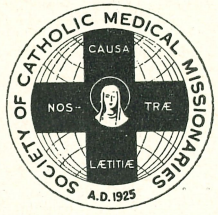


Prayer for the Success of The National Eucharistic Congress

O Jesus Who art truly, really and substantially present in the Blessed Sacrament for the nourishment of our souls, be pleased to bless and crown with complete success all Eucharistic Congresses and reunions, especially the approaching Congress of New Orleans. Inspire them with great undertakings, resolutions and aims, receive the solemn homage which will be there rendered to Thee. Inflame the hearts of priests and people, parents and children, that frequent and daily communion and communion of the very young may be held in honour in all the countries of the world and that the reign of the Sacred Heart over society may be everywhere accepted.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, bless the Congress.
Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, pray for us.
Saint Paschal Baylon, pray for us.

(300 *days Indulgence*)

The Lepers of Chacachacare

By

SISTER MARY OF THE PRESENTATION

In the Island of Chacachacare, Trinidad, B. W. I., there is one of the most modern of leper settlements, where the English Government has grouped together some 500 lepers under the care of a Resident Medical Superintendent and a nursing staff of fifteen Sisters of the French Dominican Congregation of St. Catherine of Sienna.

A Dominican Father is the resident chaplain. A resident steward, an assistant druggist, and a staff of twenty-four wardsmen are also in attendance.

The island, which is horseshoe shaped, has several bays—Rust Bay, on which the Medical Superintendent's residence is located; Bulmer's Bay, which is the home of the official Guest House; Constance Bay, where the steward and druggist reside; Sunda Bay, the women inmates' settlement. This latter consists of sixteen cottages of eight beds each and an infirmary of twenty beds. On Sunda Bay there is also a hospital of forty beds containing a male and female ward, besides children's wards accommodating thirty girls and thirty boys; the laundry, the sewing room, the clothes room, and the prison (seldom used), as well as the Catholic Chapel and the Church of England Chapel. All these departments on Sunda Bay are directly under the supervision of the Sisters.

Cocos Bay contains the men's settlement, which consists of twenty-four cottages of eight beds each, an infirmary, and a disabled ward.

The men are nursed and cared for by eight male nurses, chosen from among those who are less crippled and afflicted with the disease. Acute cases are, however, sent to the hospital at Sunda Bay, where they are treated by the Sisters. From Cocos Bay a small path takes one to La Tinta Bay, where there is a guard house and the prison for the male inmates. These prisons are seldom used. The Sisters' convent is located at Marine Bay.

Treatment

On admission, a patient is tested and treated for hookworm, after which he is put on the leprosy treatment.

The regular form of treatment at Chacachacare consists of three months of intra-muscular injections of hydnocarpus oil, varying from one cc. to five cc., then three months of alepol (sodium salt of hydnocarpus) injections, also from one cc. to five cc. This treatment is forced on no one, but all gladly avail themselves of it. Injections are given twice a week, and usually number about two hundred and forty. As soon as any signs of reaction appear, either fever or raised edges or new nodules, the injection dose is either diminished or stopped altogether until the reaction has subsided. Usually the patient is much better after a reaction that has been controlled.

When the patient shows signs of improvement a smear is taken, either from the ear or nose, and if the result is negative the treatment with a view to discharge is begun.

This treatment is usually given four times a year. It consists in giving the patient two hundred and forty grains of potassium iodide in three stages of treatment. Children are given one hundred twenty grains. It is a very serious treatment, and the patient has to be closely watched. Temperatures are taken twice a day—stains examined—and the patient is questioned as to pain and other untoward symptoms. As they know their discharge depends on their get-

The Chaplain and Sisters have the use of a launch to take them to and from Marine Bay and the Settlement.

ting through this treatment with good results, they often conceal any new sign of pain or lumps that may have developed. However, they cannot resist for a long time and if a case fails it is usually known after the first twenty grains of potassium iodide have been given.

When the course is completed another bacteriologic examination is made. The Surgeon General in person examines these cases. He takes another smear and the final decision is left to him. About fifteen women patients and twenty-five men patients are discharged every year. The men seem to respond better to the treatment than the women. The reason for this is perhaps that the men usually come to the settlement in the earlier stages of the sickness, while the women conceal themselves in their homes until forced to admit their condition. It has been difficult to ascertain whether these discharged cases are definitely cured—there being no "follow up" system—but so far only four cases have returned reinfected out of perhaps one hundred discharged.

Management

Comparatively all the manual work of the settlement is done by the inmates. The laundry is done by eighteen women who earn about twelve dollars a month. No washer earns less than six dollars. The mending is done by sixteen women who also make new clothes, earning about two dollars and a half a month each.

In the infirmary, the children's ward, the hospital, there are women and girls employed to do the rough work, and we try to get some employment for all those capable of working. One of the best factors in the treatment of leprosy is manual labor, and this is amply provided for at Chacachacare.

The men find regular employment in draining the swamps, so that they will not become breeding places for mosquitoes. All the wood needed for the kitchens, laundry boilers and such is cut by the inmates. Several of them have well-cultivated vegetable gardens, and the products are bought for the use of the institution.

The Catholic chaplain celebrates Holy Mass every morning at Sunda Bay. He administers Holy Communion to the Catholic patients in the hospital and the infirmary once a week.

What strikes one on entering the infirmary is the cheerful and contented aspect of the poor people—some blind, others disabled, but all happy. One always finds them very busy; some making sacks for the hands and feet, others making bits of patchwork, or preparing lint and cotton for the dressings. Still others are found smoking, tobacco and cigarettes being freely distributed to them.

Next one might see little Ines, a girl of eight. She is such an advanced case of leprosy that it was thought preferable to remove her from the children's ward. The only thing one sees is a pair of little bright eyes looking up through a face covered with enormous lumps and nodules.

Madge is a very strong-willed little girl.

In the children's ward little Madge, aged five, greets the visitor. She came to us at the age of three, and who can ever forget her landing out of the boat and bravely saying, "I did not cry at all, even when my pussy jumped into the sea and got drowned." She seemed such a baby to be afflicted with the terrible disease. Madge is very strong-willed, and on injection days arrives bravely and declares her intention of crying or of not crying. If the latter, she wants no one to hold her, shuts her eyes, and receives her injections quietly. If it is her intention to "be bad and cry," no amount of coaxing will have any effect, and cry she will, before, during, and after the treatment. There are eighteen little girls and twenty-nine boys on the settlement. They have regular school hours and a lot of sea bathing and play. They sometimes have little theatricals, and it is always great fun getting costumes ready and having rehearsals.

The Chaplain and Sisters have the use of a launch to take them to and from Marine Bay and the settlement. The crossings are sometimes very rough—but have they not the assurance that Our Lady, Star of the Sea, will guide them safely to shore?

Under the Silver Crescent

By

SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

(A continuation of Sister Laetitia's overland trip from India to London.)

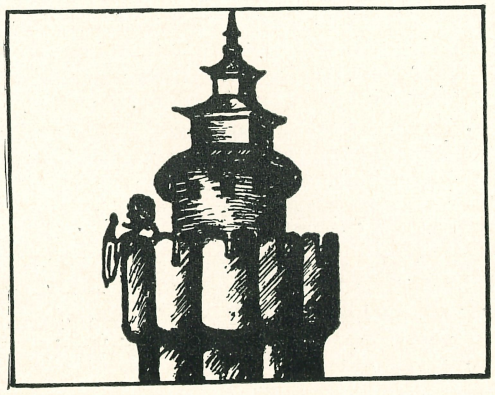
Scimitar in Hand

At noon Mohammet II and his Ottomans rode into the church. Giving thanks to Allah, Ratib mounted the pulpit, scimitar in hand, to read a passage from the Koran, thus proclaiming that Sancta Sophia was now a mosque by right of conquest, and a mosque it remained until a few years ago, when it was turned into a museum.

At the moment of the conquest a Bishop clad in beautiful robes, who was saying Mass, walked into a gallery that had no outlet, and though the soldiers hunted high and low, no trace of him was ever found. This has given rise to a legend that when the mosque again becomes a Christian church, he will step out of the door through which he disappeared and finish his Mass.

The mark where Mohammet II placed his bloody hand, and a supposed imprint of his horse's hoof are still to be seen on column and marble slab. The Turks look with superstitious dread to the golden door through which they firmly believe a Christian conqueror will some day come riding.

The Mohammedans have always been very proud of and shown great reverence for this beautiful monument, and even though they painted over the lovely mosaics of Christ and His Blessed Mother, they never destroyed them, and they are now being slowly uncovered. Stambul has many other mosques, each as picturesque as its fellow, whose rounded domes sweep the sky and whose pencil-pointed minarets are a constant reminder to the faithful of the worship of Allah.



The Palace of the Sultans

Leaving Sancta Sophia, one crosses the site of the ancient hippodrome on which are two of the most famous monuments in the world. One, the obelisk of Theodosius, was brought from the temple of the sun in Heliopolis more than 1,500 years ago; and the other, the bronze serpent of Delphi, was also brought to the city by Constantine. This coiled statue was erected in Delphi to commemorate the defeat of the Persian hordes at the battle of Plataea several hundred years B.C. A very interesting modern touch is the fountain presented by the German Kaiser, Wilhelm II, to Abdul Hamed II, in which their monograms are entwined.

The site of the Old Seraglio, the palace of the sultans, is near Sancta Sophia. It was situated on that fair point of land that juts out into the Sea of Marmora, where it meets the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. Nothing but the memories and the beautiful site are now left. It was once the home of Byzantine emperors and Turkish sultans. Here 25 sultans were born, ascended the throne, were overthrown or strangled. Here, for 300 years, plots were hatched whose repercussions sounded throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa. Here the people of Constantinople flocked to view the heads of the nobles that had been lost during the night, either exposed on a silver platter or suspended from a nail in one of the niches used for this purpose at the side of the door, while in the square in front of the door the decapitated bodies were thrown. Here came battalions from far-off armies, bringing trophies of war: heads of conquered leaders and banners of ruined nations. Here 32 *mullahs,* chosen for their beautiful voices, would mount the minarets of the Seraglio at dawn to announce to the faithful that "there is no God but Allah, and Mohammet is His prophet"; on their way down they would meet the astrologers who had spent the night in studying the stars, to ascertain the auspicious hours for the performance of the assorted tasks of the sultan. Here came envoys from the great monarchs of Europe, the same expression on all faces—terror of the man to whom the whole world was little more than a footstool. Governors, disgraced viziers, and other potentates were called to the Seraglio on some pretext, ushered into the august presence, perhaps received with kindness or mild severity, dismissed—and never seen alive again. Here were the 19 brothers of Mohammet III slain by his orders as the cannons announced the death of his father, and their corpses were piled up

in front of the throne. Here were the sultans themselves overcome to meet the death they themselves had so often meted out to others. Ibrihim was shut up in the "bird cage" with nothing but two slaves and the Koran. Resignedly he sat awaiting the day of his release, but he had forgotten an all-important sentence in the Koran: When there are two Caliphs, kill one. And one day as he was reading from the sacred book to his two companions, the Janissaries appeared, and in spite of his entreaties, Kari Ali, the executioner, dexterously slipped over his head the silken cord which sent him tumbling into eternity. Here was the harem of beautiful women, taken from almost every country, whose fingers dipped into the politics of the time, whose intrigues sent armies to their deaths, whose plots eliminated their enemies, whose schemes elevated their protectors.

Scutari

After Stambul, I went by boat to Scutari, which, from a distance, looks like a large garden. There I decided to make a circuit of the city by tram before exploring it. This I managed with some difficulty, as it was almost impossible to make the conductor understand what I wanted—even though the whole tram rose up to help! At last I looked at his tickets, picked out the most expensive one (a few cents), but left him just as mystified. When I returned at last to the starting point, I indicated by gesture that I had been and, touching my eyes, seen—and that now I was back. Ah! so that was it! His mind was now at rest that I was not a lunatic at large.

To every nurse the name of Scutari is familiar as the place where Florence Nightingale went to nurse the soldiers during the Crimean War. Her hospital is still there, but is used as a barracks (as it probably was before it was made over to her for the wounded).

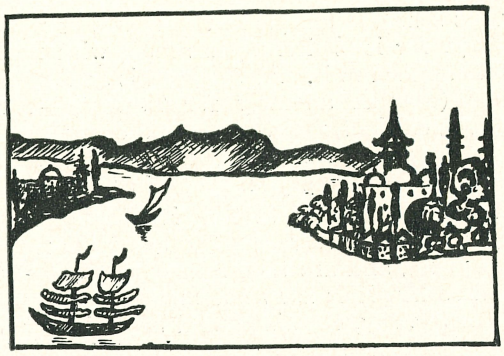
There is a new, very good modern Turkish hospital near by. I knocked at the door and asked to be shown around. However, the language complication arose. Finally a very nice Turkish doctor appeared on the scene, protesting vehemently that he could *not* speak French. As we both agreed perfectly on this subject, we got along very well together, and he was more than delighted to show me all there was to be seen—which was a great deal.

Thinking perhaps that the hospital had been built in that particular spot in honor of Florence Nightingale (as the Turks are beginning to realize the value of nursing), I inquired if that were the case.

"Florence Nightingale?" said he. "Florence Nightingale? *Ah, oui, oui! C'est une filme!*"

Generals, Food-Tasters and Bottle-Washers!

In Scutari there is an enormous Mohammedan



cemetery which seems to ramble nearly all over the outskirts and even into the city. It is full of little flat tombstones and tall pointed columns, many of them falling into crooked ruin. The place is crowded with trees—hundreds and thousands of cypresses—for the Mohammedans are supposed to plant a new tree for each new grave. In some parts the cemetery is fenced in, and cows and oxen are found grazing and women talking and resting on the tombstones of this gateway to the paradise that is marked: "For men only!"

Many famous generals, head-soup makers, water carriers, princes, food-tasters-in-chief, and cook-and-bottle-washers are found buried among the thousands that lie here. I got hopelessly lost and entangled among the grass that was almost waist high, and even when I could see the high fence looming in the distance, it was only to find no way of either squeezing through or climbing over the spear-like tops. I was eventually rescued by some Turks who were enjoying a meditation in this exceedingly populous solitude.

Under the Star and Crescent

The solving of the nursing problem has been a great question in Turkey and still is, but steps are being taken in the right direction. I decided to visit the nursing school one hot afternoon, and after leaving the tram with very meager instructions, walked some distance in the wrong direction. When I asked the way, a Turk with a kindliness that seems to characterize them (when they are not in the mood for head-lifting) turned off his route and walked about 20 minutes up-hill in the broiling sun with a smiling courtesy that was wholly charming.

As I continued up the street, I beheld the Turkish flag, with its crescent and star, flying over the school—the patriotic emblem that practically every business house or institution has to fly.

A eunuch met me at the gate and handed me over to another servant, who conducted me to the house. This old eunuch is there by a mandate of the government to help guard the nurses in training.

This school is unique in the annals of nursing history, for it is literally a school with no hospital attached to it. At the head is an American nurse (another anomaly for Turkey)—a very capable, efficient, fine woman, and over tiny cups of boiling hot, thick, black syrupy coffee we discussed the nursing situation in Turkey.

When the nurses first arrive at the school, they are given several courses, including nursing procedures, and are then sent out to one of two or three hospitals for some months. They then return for, say, chemistry and bacteriology, and then—back to the hospital. This is repeated throughout training. The great difficulty is that as the hospitals are entirely independent of the school, they at first had no trained nurses or, at best, inadequately trained women, to supervise the students' work and direct their efforts. But by degrees, as more of the nurses are graduating from the school, they are being employed by the hospital authorities and a higher standard is thus becoming established.

The enterprise is strictly government, and that is why they have been able to deviate from their strict rule of having a Turk at the head. Attaturk is himself very much interested in this scheme, and this interest is reflected by the powers-that-be even choosing the nurses' uniform, and not permitting the directress to select it herself.

Everything for the Baby—And the Baby

My next visit was to a very super-excellent Child Welfare Center. A Canadian-trained Turkish nurse-health-visitor was responsible for the running of it. Rockefeller had supplied the money, or most of it, and everything was in true Rockefellian style. There were three Turkish doctors (men) who, with the nurse, and over the inevitable little cups of coffee, attempted a diagnosis of the Turkish Child Welfare problem.

This Center was my idea of what a Child Welfare institution should be. There was a department for the well babies; a *créche* where the working women could leave their babies—even an ultra-kindergarten. The sick babies had everything they could possibly think of demanding, including a separate entrance into the room for the tuberculous cases, a small glass cubby-hole in which the whooping-coughers could be examined, an X-ray, a dental room—everything handy and convenient, so that when the mother would bring her baby, she would not be discouraged by, "Take him to the hospital for an X-ray," or, "He needs a dental treatment; the clinic on Ali Murab Street will be open on Tuesday and Friday at 9 a. m." Instead of this she would hear, "Just wait a few minutes and we'll take a plate of that chest," or, "Go to the dentist in the next room. He'll have that old incisor out in two minutes."

An effort conducted along such lines is bound to show results, and more and more mothers are taking advantage of Mr. Rockefeller's gift to the nation.

He Chose His Birthplace Well

Another hospital I visited was a very nice private institution belonging to an American mission. It is just being rebuilt now with the aid of the Turkish Government. There was a training school for nurses attached to it, but it was not recognized, one reason being that their students were mostly Armenian Christians, but as they are going to take Turkish girls in the new place, it will probably be registered. Their head is an American doctor, who very obligingly had himself born in Turkey—perhaps he knew that it would come in handy some day!

The French hospital where I stayed is a very cheery place—large, sunny, and airy. The head is a very affable Turkish doctor, but the rules in Turkey are so very strict that the Sisters had to ask his permission for me to stay in their own hospital.

The missionary enterprises have a very up-hill task, for the authorities will not tolerate the converting of a Mohammedan. But if several lifetimes are spent in breaking down that Everest of prejudice, they will not have been in vain.

(*To be continued*)

HIS EMINENCE PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES

For years His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, was called the Cardinal of Charity. That his charity went far beyond the confines of the Archdiocese of New York may be seen from the following incident.

When I came to America in 1924 I had the privilege of an audience with His Eminence. The Cardinal listened to my plea for the sick in the missions and cast a cursory glance at my letter of introduction from the Prefect Apostolic of Kashmir and Kafristan. I showed His Eminence a few pictures of my patients. He looked at them and they touched his paternal heart. He asked for the letter of introduction again and after reading it carefully he left the room. He returned with a most benign smile on his countenance and gave me a very generous check for the hospital in India, along with his gracious permission to appeal for it wherever an opportunity presented itself. The gift was for the poor, helpless, suffering women and children of India; the smile was for me—a gift of courage and hope!

His Eminence's memory will always be held in grateful benediction by our Medical Missionaries.

Requiescat in Pace.

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M.

Cannibalism

By

Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., Ph.G., M.T.

In the August-September issue of *Catholic Missions* we find the statement: "An old cannibal chief in the southern group of these islands (the Solomon Islands), last survivor of a band who slew some Austrians in 1896, was recently baptised, causing a deep and favorable impression on the rest of his tribe. Marist missioners predict a bright future for the Church in these last tottering strongholds of savagery and cannibalism. Catholics in these far-away islands now number 29,383 out of a total population of 140,677."

Cannibalism seems to have few strongholds left. In the Solomon Islands, as well as in parts of Africa, among the Batta tribes of Sumatra and other places there are suspicions—ofttimes well founded—that cannibalism is still practiced. Who can police the fastness of the deep jungles?

In one of the Marist magazines, not so long ago, I read an account—whether true or just a good story I know not—which illustrates the difficulties which may be met with unless the missioner is well prepared in mission science. The story—I am depending upon my memory—went something like this:

A cannibal chief in the Solomon Islands approached the missioners and expressed his desire to become a Christian. As polygamy, especially among the chiefs, was universal, the first thing he was asked was how many wives he had. "Eight," was the answer. Thereupon he was instructed on the Christian law of monogamy and told to come back for further catechetical instruction when he showed his good will by retaining only one wife. Several weeks later the chief returned. He was now ready for further instruction. But what of the wives? Were they properly provided for or returned to their families? "Oh, no. I could not very well return them to their families," he answered, "so I ate them."

The next time I am sure the missioner instructed his convert first on the law of the Church regarding cannibalism before that of matrimony. But we all learn by experience!

There is another incident related in the July, 1938, number of *Um Seelem* where the missioners in Oceania had an expensive experience along the same line. A native chief sent a messenger to the Catholic Mission with the order to bring some medicine that would cure him. Not knowing from what disease the chief was suffering, a young doctor was sent back with the messenger to see the chief. Some days later the messenger returned alone to the mission station with the request for some stronger medicine. The sick chief had eaten the doctor, but it had not cured him!

Dr. Janet Miller worked among tribes in Africa where cannibalism is still occasionally discovered in spite of stringent government laws. Many incidents are spoken of in her book, "Jungles Preferred." The very servants in the hospital where she worked had eaten human flesh in their earlier days, and her bodyguard, an old ex-cannibal, told her that there was no meat as delicious as human flesh. After that conversation with him, she perhaps more than once wondered what would happen to her if he got too great a hankering after the "fleshpots of Egypt," since her life was in his hands. It was only shortly before she went to Africa, about 1934, that a daughter of one of the government officials disappeared, and later, because one of the natives who was blind "let the cat out of the bag" it was discovered that a certain tribe had taken and eaten her.

The reasons for cannibalism are too varied and would take too much space to try to explain fully in this brief article. With some tribes unwanted babies were eaten, as well as the old people who could no longer work or keep up with the others. Prisoners taken in battle were commonly used as food. In some places cannibalism was practiced only when other

(*Turn to page* 166)

"Dear Lord, please send me another Medical Missionary."

(Editor's Note: The author of this article sails for India on October 12.)

High Spots on a Mission Cruise

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Manila

All of the Americans on board were eagerly looking forward to seeing Manila. It was the one Oriental city with which they were familiar and in which they had a particular interest. Besides, some had friends among the three thousand Americans resident in Manila and all must have been interested to see the influence the United States had exercised in the Philippines during the thirty-five years of American occupation of the Islands.

On March twenty-seventh we sailed into the magnificent semi-lunar Bay of Manila. The Constabulary Band greeted us with the "Star Spangled Banner" and other patriotic selections; the orchestra of the *Reliance* returned the compliment. It was hard to say which of the two bands was the more accomplished—both enjoy well-deserved fame. The pier is the finest in Asiatic waters. A sliding bridge connected our boat with the upper story of the concrete pier building. There is a wide covered corridor where one can wait for the arrival or departure of one's friends. The passageway had been converted into a veritable bazaar where all kinds of Filipino specialties and curios were offered for sale; embroidered voile dresses, bedspreads, pliable Manila straw hats, rattan goods, native slippers, cigars, lampshades and picture frames of shell. It was necessary to bargain, but the people were very nice. The selling was in the hands of women and young men, some mere boys. I heard later on that the greater part of the retail trade in Manila is in the hands of women.

St. Thomas University

One thing was evident from the first moment we landed—we were in a Christian country. All the people we met spoke very good English, but we were told that in the rural sections many Malayan dialects were used. The features and build of the people are distinctly Malayan. Only very few wore the picturesque native costume.

From the boat my companion and I went directly to the Archbishop's house, where Reverend Father William A. Fletcher, of Maryknoll, arranged for an audience with His Excellency, the Most Reverend Michael J. O'Doherty. Father Fletcher showed us the Cathedral and took us to Saint Paul's Hospital, which is in charge of the Maryknoll Sisters. We met Sister M. Redempta and Sister M. Frederica, as well as the other members of the community. The hospital is very spacious. It was not built as a hospital but is well adapted for that purpose. There is a free dispensary and a large social service department. The wards and private rooms were occupied by many types of patients. In one ward we saw four-month-old triplets. The Sisters kept them because the parents were very poor and had five other children to support.

Father Fletcher drew our attention to the long beams of narsa wood in the floors. This wood, which is harder than mahogany, has a white and a blood-red variety. It was the favorite wood of the Spanish artisans, and they certainly had a great range of choice as there are over three thousand varieties of wood to be found on the Islands.

The next day we drove about Manila in a little pony cart; our driver was a young man who told us that he had been a clerk in a large concern but had lost his position, along with many others, because of the lack of business. We met this same problem—not being able to use higher education—more than once in our dealings with the natives. We drove past the post office and other public buildings, which are all very fine. In the old walled city the buildings are of the early Spanish type, very solid and built close together. The oldest church, built in 1599 by the Augustinians, is still in use.

The Cathedral is very impressive; it was almost destroyed by an earthquake in 1863 and then rebuilt. Legaspi, who founded Manila in 1565, and his missionary companion and kinsman, Urbaneta, are immortalized by a befitting monument showing them on a high pedestal with banner and cross held high.

From the cleanliness in the better sections it was evident that the health department was very active. In the poorer districts it was easy to see that the standards of living are low and but little above that of similar groups of inhabitants in other Oriental cities. We were told that the average family in Manila requires thirty pesos (fifteen dollars) a month to maintain the minimum standard of living. However, ten thousand families in the city have less than that and six thousand of these have only fifteen pesos, or even less.

The homes of the poor are mostly bamboo, others are of wood or brick. The food of the poorer people is mainly rice and fish, with an inadequate quantity of fresh vegetables and fruits. It is, therefore, not surprising that the poor fall an easy prey to beri-beri, tuberculosis, and other infectious diseases. We were told that the crowding is caused not alone by poverty but also by strong family ties which make many relatives live together.

Malaria is common; hookworm also has a good breeding spot, as the climate and the necessary economy encourage the people to go barefoot. Eighty percent or more of the people are said to be infected with hookworm and round worm. Much is being done by the health authorities and the charitable organizations. Sister M. Frederica, of Maryknoll, is hailed and loved as a mother among the poor.

The Archbishop was very optimistic about the future religious situation in the Philippines. Of the twelve millions of inhabitants on the Isles, at least ten millions are Catholics. The Mohammedans and pagans each have over a half million, and Buddhists and other Asiatic religions make up the remainder. Approximately sixteen hundred priests, both secular and regular, are providing for the spiritual care of the Catholics, and an equal number of Sisters work as Marthas and Marys among them. A huge task for the few! However, of late, there is a notable increase of missionaries to the Philippines.

The Christian Filipino woman holds a very different position in the family from that given to her sisters in India, and in most other Oriental countries. She is usually the business manager of the household, keeps the keys, does the providing, receives all money earned by any member of the family, including the proceeds from the farm produce, and she supervises the expenditures. It is she who "balances the budget." A man who fails to turn in his receipts for his wife's direction injures his standing in the community.

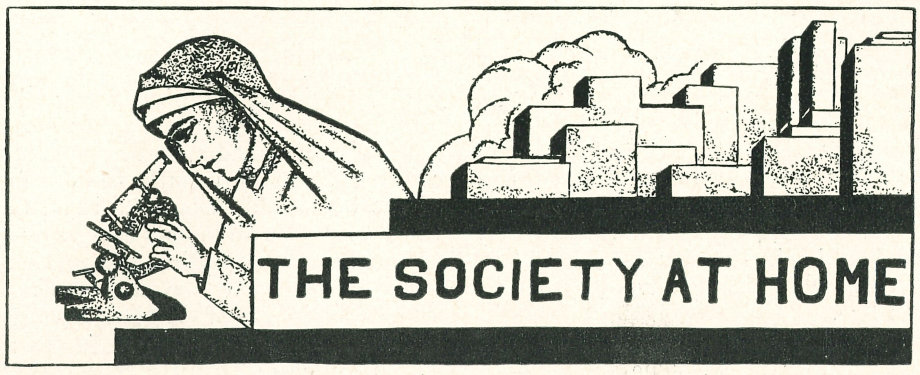
Socially, the more wealthy Filipinos assimilated something of the Spanish practice of surrounding woman with all sorts of physical means of protection. The windows of the houses, built during the Spanish régime, were heavily barred and wife and daughters were not allowed to go out unaccompanied. Co-education was not to be thought of, and the free and trusted association of boys and girls did not exist. The introduction of American ideas, however, rapidly modified these conditions.

The forces of evil are not passive in this one and only stronghold of Christianity in the Orient—on the contrary; but perhaps it is just that which rouses the Catholics to zeal.

We drove to the college conducted by the Sister Servants of the Holy Ghost. I hoped to meet Sister M. Ludwiga, an old friend from Washington, but I was disappointed. The Sisters were most kind and very patient with our bombardment of questions. They were so well informed about everything that we learned much during our short visit.

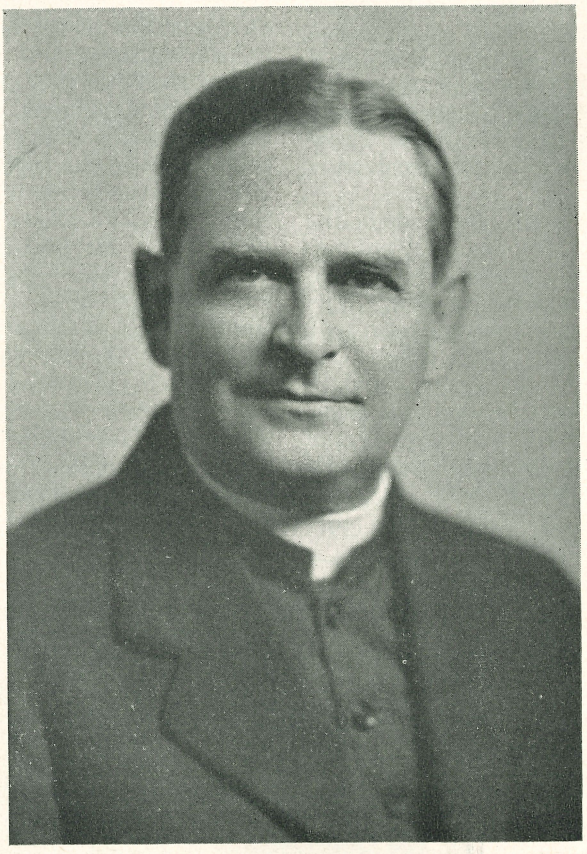
We also went to Saint Scholastica's College, which is the last thing in architecture and equipment. The conservatory particularly would do honor to any country.

Science Class Room in St. Scholastica's College, Manila, P. I.



Our New Spiritual Director

The community at the Motherhouse welcomed the new Spiritual Director of the Society in the person of the Reverend Francis McBride, C.S.C., who comes to us from Holy Cross College, Brookland. Father McBride is no stranger to us for he has, since the very first days of our Foundation, been interested in our Society and has proved himself a loyal and devoted friend in every way. We are deeply indebted to the Congregation of Holy Cross for giving us the benefit of Father McBride's long experience in the direction of religious.



Reverend Francis McBride, C.S.C.

School Days!

With the advent of the new school year some of our Sisters went back to their books in real earnest. Sister M. Isabel Schmitz-Dumont, of St. Paul, Minnesota, began her fourth year at Woman's Medical School, Philadelphia; while Sister M. Timothy Van Wonterghem, of Moline, Illinois, is keeping pace with her at Trinity College. This year Sister M. Joan, of Bathmen, Holland, is Sister's companion at Trinity. Sister M. Rose Callahan, of Annapolis, Maryland, is at the Institute of Notre Dame in Baltimore, while Sister M. Theophane Shoemaker, of Henshaw, Kentucky, and Sister M. Michael Waters, of Roanoke, Virginia, entered the Training School for Nurses at Providence Hospital, Washington.

We Have a Birthday!

September thirtieth was the thirteenth anniversary of our Foundation. From the moment that the organ pealed forth the first strains of the Introit of the Mass of the Feast of Saint Jerome until it died away with the Laudate of Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament on Friday evening, we rejoiced and we celebrated "with the freedom of the children of God." We are still but very small children among the religious communities of our Holy Mother the Church, yet we can rejoice even in our youth at the thought of the precious souls we have already presented to Christ, the King, through Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy. Our friends and benefactors had a very special share in our prayers and our thoughts on our birthday.

Adveniat Regnum Tuum

Several of our Sisters will represent the Society at the Eighth National Eucharistic Congress to be held in New Orleans from October seventeenth to twentieth. We are happy to have a share in this national tribute of love and affection to Jesus reigning in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar and to offer Him our Act of Reparation in union with the entire nation.

The Privileged Five

Five happy Medical Missionaries will set sail on October 12 on the S. S. *Acquitania*—four for India, the land of every Medical Missionary's dreams; the fifth, for England where she will have the privilege of spreading a knowledge of the need of medical missionary work in pagan lands.

Sister M. Pauline Downing, S.C.M.M., R.N., now in England, will join the group en route to India.

Sister Ignatius Marie Desmond

S.C.M.M., of Somerville, Massachusetts, is a graduate of Trinity College, Washington, and has been assigned to the pharmacy of Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi.

Sister Alma Julia LeDuc

S.C.M.M., Ph.G., M.T., of Cleveland, Ohio, is a graduate of the School of Pharmacy, Western Reserve University, and a registered Medical Technologist. She has been editor of THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY, and is assigned to Holy Family Hospital.

Sister Madeleine Sophie DuVally

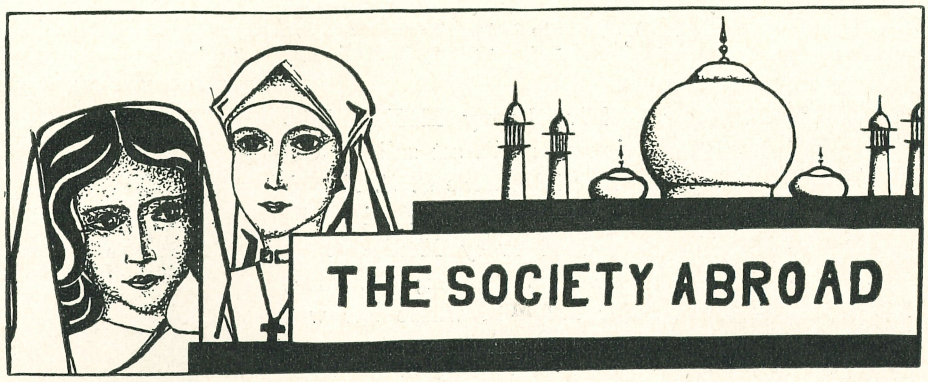
S.C.M.M., of Providence, Rhode Island, was before her entrance into the Society a member of the staff of Sacred Heart Academy, Elmhurst. She is assigned to the Medical Mission House, Osterley, England, where she will act as Mistress of Postulants.

Sister M. Virginia McCarty

S.C.M.M., R.N., of Zanesville, Ohio, entered the Society shortly after being graduated from the Good Samaritan Hospital Training School in Zanesville. She is also assigned to Holy Family Hospital.

Sister M. Jude Caine

S.C.M.M., R.N., of Madison, Wis., received her training at Saint Mary's Hospital Training School in Madison, and will also begin her active mission career at Rawalpindi.



England

Address: Medical Mission House
98 Thornbury Road
Osterley, Middlesex, England

"We've had much of comings and goings these days. Sister Elizabeth left us for her trip to the Motherhouse for the General Chapter and we are busily engaged in initiating Sister Pauline into English customs. We have several new postulants since our last letter. Needless to say we are all looking forward to welcoming the missionaries who will stop enroute to India. We are glad we are the 'half-way house' (or at least 'the part-way house') because it gives us a chance to say the last 'until we meet in India' to all of the outgoing missionaries."

Rawalpindi

Address: Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road
Rawalpindi, Punjab, India

"I was called the other night at midnight for a case in the village. When I arrived I found the woman lying quite still and the family told me she had been 'unconscious' for about two hours. I could find no pulse and when I found her eyes fully dilated I knew my first suspicion as I entered the room was correct. I did all that I could for her hoping that although she had not found health of body she might have eternal health of soul.

"We have been very busy at the Center—about ninety patients in one morning. How we could use more Sisters there! It's a district that needs a lot of patience and a lot of faith—but great work can be done there for body and for soul."

SISTER M. ANN.

(And "more Sisters" are on their way to help reap this harvest of souls!)

* * * * * * *

"It's our last day in Murree. Tomorrow we leave for Rawalpindi and vacation time is over

Ready for a trip to the hills. Dr. Lalinsky is assuring the horse that it isn't such a hot day after all. The Mohammedan lady is dressed in the latest things in burkas—made of blue crepe.

When the thermometer registered 110° half of Holy Family Hospital staff took a bus to Murree for their annual vacation.

for another year. We enjoyed our stay here in the cool mountain air and now we are refreshed and ready for real hard work again.

"You would all be amused to see Sister Magdalen up here. She likes Murree by day but not by night. She is not fond of our little spiders and she fears lest one find its way to her in the dark of night. The other night she decided to leave the outside kitchen door open so that any possible spiders would crawl outside for themselves. Can you imagine her surprise the next morning when, accompanied by our faithful dog, Mickey, she opened the door leading out to the kitchen! There stood a cow who had found shelter from the heavy rain of the night. It's hard to say who jumped the highest, Sister Magdalen, Micky or the cow!"

SISTER M. STEPHANIE.

Dacca

Address: Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M.
Mitford Hospital
Dacca, Bengal, India

"The Dacca mission is again bowed in sorrow. This time it is Sister Rose Bernard, of the Holy Cross Sisters, South Bend, Indiana, and the Foundress of the native community of Bengali Sisters. The poor little Bengalis are heartbroken at the death of their Mother. She was truly a Mother to them in every way, and I'm sure that she will take good care of them from her home above. Sister Helen was with her at the end and did all she could to assist her. We all share in the sorrow of both her communities, Holy Cross and the Bengali Sisters."

Sept. 18 was the first anniversary of the death of Sister M. Frances, S.C.M.M. This picture was snapped when she was distributing milk to the poor at one of the Health Centers in Dacca. Sr. M. Joseph is now carrying on in her place.

Medical Mission Notes

✣✣✣

The fourteenth Summer School of Medical Mission work will be in session at the Catholic University in Lille from September 1 to October 15. A diploma of value only in mission lands will be given to missionaries who attend the complete course and take the examinations.

A course of lectures for missionaries has just been given at the Medical Missionary Institute at Wurzburg, Germany. This is the fifteenth year these lectures have been given for the benefit of German Missionaries about to leave Europe for foreign mission lands. The missionaries also received practical instruction in the making of cinema films.

India

Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, J.M.J. (Mary Glowrey, M.D.), gave a report on the hospital work done at St. Joseph's, Guntur, India, for the World Congress of Gynecologists and Obstetricians recently held in Amsterdam. The details of conditions found and the treatment used are especially interesting to medical men and women all over the world. Sister mentions that there is only one medical woman available for every 17,000 deliveries, to say nothing of the various other ills to which the women (of India especially) are subject, and stresses that Indian women require the services of medical women. She once more voices her hope of seeing established in South India a Medical College for Women.—CATHOLIC MEDICAL GUARDIAN.

Burma

A leper asylum having already 30 inmates has just been opened by the Milan Foreign Mission Society at Loilem. British civil authorities have contributed towards its support. The Vicar Apostolic has placed the Italian Sisters of Charity in charge.—FIDES.

China

At Yenchowfu, Shantung, besides having its own hospital crowded and harboring a military hospital of 500 beds, the Catholic Mission conducted by the Divine Word Missionaries, was thronged for weeks with a crowd of refugees estimated at from 18,000 to 20,000. . . . For three weeks the Cathedral was so crowded that many refugees could not lie down, but had to sleep sitting up. Some half dozen babies were born within the Cathedral during that time. Ten thousand refugees were also harbored at the Community Center of the Society of the Divine Word at Taikia, outside Yenchowfu.—FU JEN.

A new Catholic Hospital has been finished at Tsaokiakow and is in charge of the Holy Ghost Sisters assisted by native Chinese Oblates of the Holy Family. It is to have the further services of Dr. Erna Goldberg, a Catholic lady doctor recently arrived from Germany—FU JEN.

* * *

At the special request of the administration of the "Fong-Pin" Hospital in Canton, Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels will henceforth have charge of the establishment. The hospital has the largest number of patients of any in the city and cares gratuitously for many of the very poor. Persons in moderate circumstances can obtain special rooms at rates ranging from $5 to $12 a month.—THE ROCK.

* * *

It was in Shanghai. "Well," concluded the American officer after we had discussed the China scene, "there's only one country in the world, and I'm going back to it as fast as I can go!"

The two missionaries didn't say much. After all, somebody had to stay behind to pick up the pieces. It's the way of the Church. Her mission motto is "Safety last!" Today the barbed wire entanglements around the Concession are rusty and the sand bags are rotting away. Whatever the future, if the war ends soon, we shall say thankfully, "Lord, it was good for us to be here!" It wasn't all horror and sadness; there were lots of happy days in between the tragedies, and consolations galore for the spirit. A few leaves from a diary will give a cross-section of mission life in the raw in war time. They may encourage more friends to share with us a work that has won sympathy from both Chinese and Japanese authorities.

In the Diary itself we read under January 15, 1938: It is impossible yet to know how much relief work has been done by the missions so far. Here are our own camp statistics, to January 1: 22,383 refugees fed since last July; 8,550 here now; 1,100 others fed but not lodged here; baptisms, nearly 400; catechumens, 600. Daily catechism goes on, so before summer there will be hundreds ready for baptism. Religious from this place also visit regularly many other huge camps and hospitals, and some work with Father Jacquinot. The wonders that the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, the Sisters of Charity, the Helpers of the Holy Souls, the Presentandines, the Madames of the Sacred Heart, the Loretto Sisters, have done for the poor in the city alone would make an incredible litany of charity.—COLUMBIA.

THE OBSERVANCE OF MISSION SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the United States of America, announces the call of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions, for the observance of Mission Sunday, October 23, 1938. It is the wish of His Holiness that on that date the interest of the entire Christian world be concentrated on aid—spiritual and material—for the missions. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, therefore, is using every means possible to bring the observance of Mission Sunday to the attention of every Catholic in the United States. The generosity of our good people toward this most deserving work is the consolation of the Holy Father during these trying days.

The Vicar of Christ on earth reminds the faithful that "no charity equals generosity towards the missions" just as he reiterates the statement in his Rerum Ecclesiae that "the Church has no other reason for existence than, by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary redemption."

Were it not for the charity of Europeans—laity as well as clergy—and their generosity to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith during the past century the Church in America would not have been so firmly or so widely established in this country. This oldest and largest mission aid organization contributed over seven million dollars for the support of missions in America during the first one hundred years of its existence. Today Christ is enthroned from Florida to Alaska, from California to Maine, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. Statistics from Rome indicate that in 1937 there were 7,911,370 Catholics in Asia, an increase of 212,-143 over the previous year, while there were 6,794,951 in Africa, showing an increase of 439,-954, and 2,557,803 in Oceania, an increase of 50,945. To become a part of this great apostolate —the spreading of Christ's Kingdom on earth— but two things are required: the daily recitation of one "Our Father," one "Hail Mary," and the invocation "St. Francis Xavier pray for us" and the contribution of a small yearly fee. Show your gratitude for the priceless gift of faith by gaining it for others!

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us.
Saint Therese, Patroness of Missionaries, pray for us.

In Our Library

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THE CHURCH—ITS DIVINE AUTHORITY. *By Ludwig Koesters, S.J. Translated from the German by Edwin G. Kaiser, C.PP.S. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis.* $3.00. 311 pp.

"With a validity that is compelling, it presents the analytical and synthetic argument for the faith." The purpose of the volume is to prove by rational thinking and scientific research all that we confess of Our Holy Mother the Church by our daily act of Faith in Her and in Her Divine Foundation and Commission.

In these days particularly, when religion is being trammeled upon by the Powers of Darkness, do we need to be alert and to be able to give the scientific proofs of the Church's Divine Mission. Every Catholic will find in the volume a fund of proofs of the Church's Divinity that will make him better appreciate and love more truly his precious heritage—The Catholic Faith.

THE CATHOLIC DOCTOR. *By A. Bonnar, O.F.M. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York.* $2.25. 181 pp.

This small volume contains concise and definite information for the doctor on many questions of pastoral medicine. Fr. Bonnar gives, in unmistakable terms, the Church's true stand on such subjects as miracles, authority, morals and law, sex and marriage, birth control and its allied problems, baptism, euthanasia, psychotherapy, scruples, as well as the general obligations of the doctor in his practise.

It is an authoritative treatment of the problems that face the Catholic doctor every day and should have a wide circulation among both doctors and nurses.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of—

His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York
Reverend James L. Smith, Collinsville, Conn.
Reverend Eugene A. Hannan, Washington, D. C.
Reverend Patrick Crawley, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Sister M. Annunciata Cogan, West Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. Ildefonse Locker, West Hartford, Conn.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord.
And let perpetual light shine upon them.
May they rest in peace. Amen.

HIGH SPOTS ON A MISSION CRUISE

(*Continued from page* 158)

The Archbishop told us that there are priests and Sisters of many nationalities in the Philippines and that it was a great advantage, as it gives the people the best of the culture of many lands.

In new Manila there are several very fine religious houses: the novitiate of the Sisters of Saint Paul de Chartres, the Convent of the Dutch Franciscans, and others. A Carmelite Monastery was in the process of being built and had not yet been enclosed, so that we were able to see the Mother Prioress, who gave us permission to take the pictures of three native outdoor Sisters.

Out in the country districts we stopped at a nipa hut which, according to our driver, was a typical Filipino home. The frame work was bamboo, the walls and roof, nipa (a tropical grass). The hut stood on poles. The steps consisted of a small bamboo ladder. In the first room a portion of the floor was of bamboo and the portion near where the cooking was done was of wood. The second room was bare but for a few mats as was the third and last tiny room. The people were very friendly and they thoroughly enjoyed having their pictures taken.

On our return trip we stopped at the Saint Thomas University which we found festively decorated. A great crowd had gathered on the campus as it was Commencement Day. The university was founded by the Dominicans and is one of the oldest in the Orient. The University of Manila was founded since the American occupation. In 1907 it opened a Medical School since there was only one doctor for every 20,000 people on the Islands. In the same year, training schools for nurses were started. In 1912 a systematic campaign against infant mortality was launched. The rate in the city of Manila has been reduced from 811.35 per 1,000 births in 1904, to 334.45 in 1913. This was accomplished chiefly through inspection of the milk supply and the regulation that milk offered for sale, whether fresh or canned, must come up to certain standards not only as to purity but also as to the content of butter fat. By 1928 the infant mortality rate in Manila was reduced to 167.02 per 1,000, and to 150.18 for the Islands as a whole. The women's clubs, we were told, have done valuable work in the dissemination of information and in the establishment of better health conditions.

In 1933 the Bureau of Health of the Philippines reorganized the public health nursing service and coordinated it with the social service work. Manila itself and the other large cities have a number of fine hospitals. Dispensaries also are scattered all over the country but on the whole medical aid is not yet adequate.

The Philippines still have their share of the common Oriental epidemics and also of leprosy, which, however, is probably better cared for there than anywhere else in the world. In the sixteenth century the Franciscan Friars cared for the poor victims in front of their monastery within the walled city where the Hospital of San Juan de Dios was subsequently erected. In the year 1632 a separate hospital for lepers was built. From this evolved eventually Culion which is the largest and best known leper colony in the world. I regretted very much that time did not permit us to visit it but our boat was scheduled to leave so we had to be satisfied with this bird's eye view of the capital of an archipelaga which numbers no less than seven thousand eighty-three islands of which, however, only one hundred are inhabited.

CANNIBALISM

(*Continued from page* 157)

food was scarce. Among our own North American Indians drinking the blood and eating the flesh of the enemy was indulged in with a fury we do not seem to find among the most primitive Africans. It was considered to be the complete extermination of the enemy. The blackmen of Australia and many other aborigines practiced cannibalism in order to prevent the bodies of their kin from being eaten by strangers of another tribe. In the Old Testament cannibalism is mentioned at least once or twice among the Hebrews. Then it was caused by the need of food in time of famine.

Even when the practice of cannibalism is practically exterminated in a mission district, it takes many years before the mental effect is abolished. In Dr. Miller's book that is very clearly seen. An example is to be found in one story she tells of a little black girl in the hospital, whom she was trying to nurse back to health. Coaxing her to partake of more nourishment, Dr. Miller said to her, "You must eat well so you will get fat." "Oh, no!" the girl exclaimed in horror. "If I get fat they will eat me!"

The days of cannibalism are almost over. But we of a higher civilization have machine guns and poison gas and bombs. Who are we to throw stones?

St. Joseph's Page

Passage for Five Medical Missionaries to India at $300.00 *each* $1,500.00

Yes, that is the bill that reposes on the Sister Treasurer's desk. There is also an item of passage for one Sister to England, but it's the task of finding the wherewithal to get the five Medical Missionaries safely to Rawalpindi that is worrying us the most.

St. Joseph, pray for us.

Will you, dear reader, help us in honor of Saint Joseph, into whose hands we have entrusted the transportation of these Sisters?

It costs three cents a mile, and they have a ten-thousand-mile journey before them. For how many miles will you help them on the way?

Dear Doctor Dengel:

Please find enclosed $..... to pay for ..... miles of passage for a Medical Missionary going to India.

Name .....

Address .....

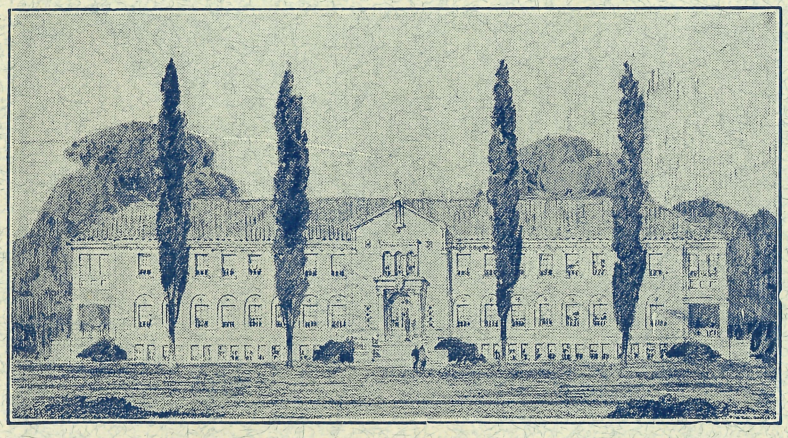
.....

Vouchsafe, O Lord, for Thy Name's sake, to reward with eternal life all those who do us good.

RANSDELL INC., PRINTERS-PUBLISHERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our Motherhouse

What We Have!

and

What We Need!